



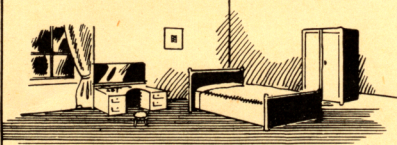
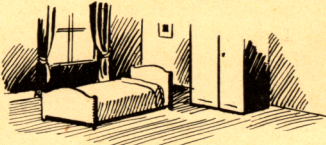


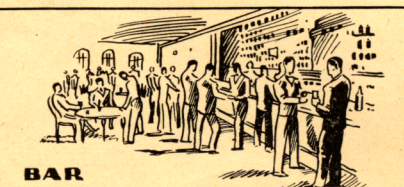
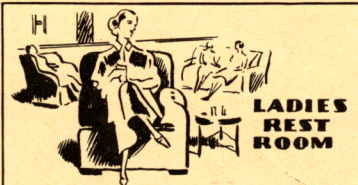
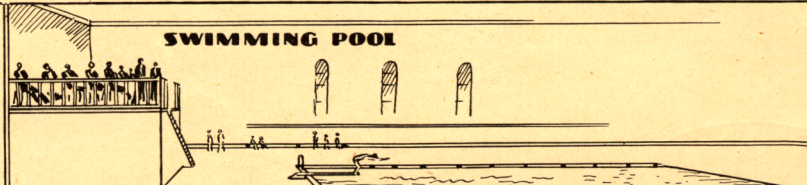
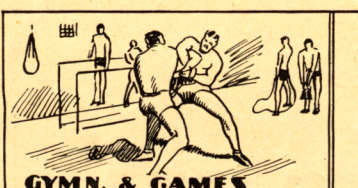
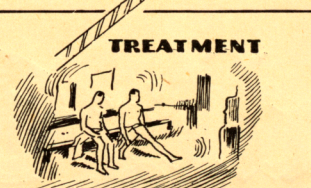


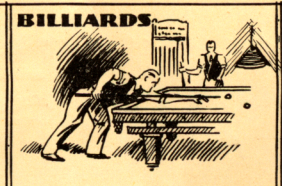
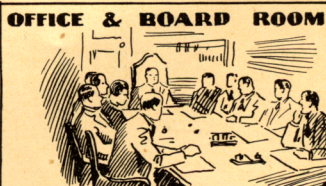

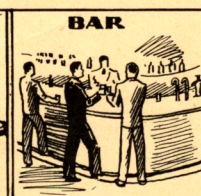
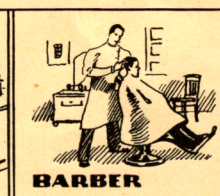


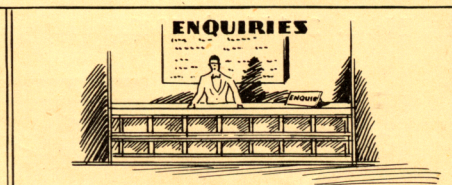
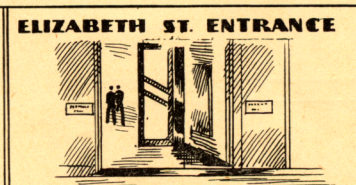

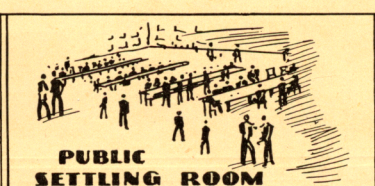
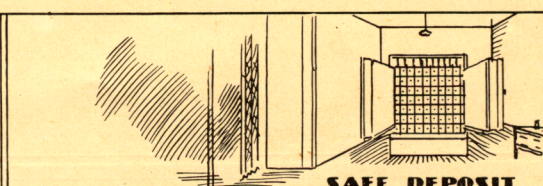
Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 15. No. 1. 2nd March, 1942.



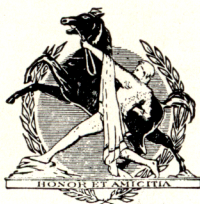
ACTIVITIES OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB

 BEDROOMS 			FLOOR 5	
 DINING ROOM	 LOUNGE	 BAR	FLOOR 4	
 LADIES REST ROOM	 SWIMMING POOL		FLOOR 3 me 33.	
 GYMN. & GAMES	 TREATMENT			FLOOR 3
 CARD ROOMS	 BUFFET & BAR	 BILLIARDS	 OFFICE & BOARD ROOM	FLOOR 2
 CLUB ROOM	 BAR	 BARBER	 GROCERIES TELE- PHONES	FLOOR 1
 CASTLEREAGH ST. ENTRANCE	 ENQUIRIES	 ELIZABETH ST. ENTRANCE		GROUND FLOOR
 STORE ROOMS	 PUBLIC SETTLING ROOM	 SAFE DEPOSIT		BASE- MENT

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Vol. 15. No. 1



2nd March, 1942

Chairman:

W. W. HILL



Treasurer:

S. E. CHATTERTON



Committee:

GEORGE CHIENE

A. G. COLLINS

DAVID A. CRAIG

JOHN HICKEY

A. J. MATTHEWS

JOHN H. O'DEA

JOHN A. ROLES

F. G. UNDERWOOD



Secretary:

T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

The Club's long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 23rd May, 1942. Principal Event: The James Barnes Plate, One Mile and Three Furlongs.

The Club Man's Diary

MARCH BIRTHDAYS: 2nd, Hon. E. S. Spooner, M.H.R.; 4th, Mr. Roy Hendy, Mr. H. L. Lambert; 5th, Mr. F. J. Carberry; 10th, Mr. A. G. Collins; 11th, Mr. J. H. E. Nathan; 14th, Mr. E. W. Savage; 15th, Mr. Ernest Moore; 17th, Mr. P. Nolan, Mr. W. A. Wolf; 26th, Mr. J. A. Roles, Mr. M. Frank Albert; 29th, Mr. Percy Wolf; 31st, Mr. R. Wootton.

* * *

GOOD SIRs, your subscriptions are due for next year. We write, "thanking you in anticipation." Measure up with the matters marked "indispensable," in a review of expenditures, the comforts and conveniences of Tattersall's Club. Consider the value of club membership also as a social meeting place; the friends you have made and with whom it is desirable that you keep in daily or occasional touch. Supposing you dropped out, you would miss them, and they would miss you. A reasonable annual subscription provides all these advantages. Settling day is any day early in the calendar.

* * *

A club member, S. M. Pasley, may count himself fortunate in having escaped the Jap blitz of New Ireland, in the Mandated Territory, after a hazardous adventure. He, with others, finally got into an eight-ton launch without sails, crossed 650 miles of ocean to the Solomons, thence took ship to Australia.

* * *

LAMENT BY THE MISSUS.

"Only four beers," how familiar it sounds!

I've heard it before, after you've made the rounds.

"Four beers," you insist, with face like a poker,

Confirmed are my fears, I've married a toper!

The death is reported of Desert Gold, one of the greatest mares to have raced in New Zealand and Australia. She had reached the age of 29 years.

She was the greatest stake winner of all mares in Australia and New Zealand, with £23,133.

Desert Gold was bred by Mr. T. H. Lowry, and was a sister to Nigger Minstrel and other good performers. She was one of the few to have defeated Gloaming in a race.



"Desert Gold"—the late Jack O'Shea in the saddle.

In all, she won 36 races, was second 13 times, third five times, and only five times unplaced in 59 starts. On her visit to Australia, she defeated such horses as Cetigne, Rebus, Kenaquhair, Lanius and Wallace Isinglass.

In prize money, Desert Gold won £23,133, and this placed her at the head of her sex in New Zealand and Australia. She shared with Gloaming the record winning sequence of 19.

Mr. E. J. Watt was a consistent buyer of yearlings from Desert Gold's daughters, and he was rewarded with the high-class performer, Gold Rod, winner of an Epsom Handicap, and a Doncaster Handicap, and many other good races.

* * *

Recovery of the two million or so in bullion from the hulk of the Niagara, heeled over on the ocean

bed off the N.Z. coast, sets me thinking in terms of modest dollars—those I lost when my budget addressed an American newspaper went down with the good ship. Two days' work for nowt, as Yorkshiremen say. I had this consolation, however: any shark that happened to sample my manuscript would have suffered the most violent indigestion ever experienced in Neptune's realm. For my subjects were chiefly political. A personal sketch of Mr. Menzies, and a review of developments in the Pacific as they affected the Commonwealth, with an analysis of taxation, added to the hard tack. There was something also about a divorce case—I can picture the mermaids devouring that!

* * *

On such occasions one should not lose his sense of proportion and wail about things. Every day in every way we are subject to minor or major strokes of fortune. There are the direct hits, the glancing blows, and the near-misses. We fail when we succumb to "imaginitis" and develop a warped sense of proportion. Near-misses become hits.

For my part I could not winge over a manuscript—however compounded "with blood and sweat and tears"—in comparing that misadventure with the total loss of a splendid ship.

* * *

So it is, in greater measure, with this war. Our personal losses in terms of restriction and of regimentation designed for national security do not amount to a damn credited against the service and sacrifice of the fighting forces. Our contribution on the home front is very meagre, by comparison.

Those who would have their own interests isolated from the great events thundering about the people are inviting trouble for themselves and for those who think like them and with them.

Sportsmen have a good record. It behoves sportsmen to keep it so.

If the horse is dead as a runt in war, it is proving a very lively corpse. When the famous Scots Greys were turned out to grass in favor of tanks, military "experts" declared that cavalry could now be written off with the epoch it colored. This appeared to be the case, too. Now we read of the Cossacks riding again, of the Hun flanks being whipped by those tough men and their equally tough horses.

* * *

I recall a conversation as to stayers when the late Hugh J. Ward said boastfully that he had known one who could have whipped any Melbourne Cup field. But his story concerned the human race.

"Dawn had just came when we strolled out into the street from a Sydney club to start a grand challenge race to Coogee and back between two roysterers," Hugh related. "As a matter of fact I had pulled one into the race on the plea that he was the champion long-distance runner of Australia, putting him wise to the joke."

That piece of news, Hugh Ward explained, did not discourage the other fellow, but increased his keenness.

"Well," said Hugh, "I think that the champion should give you five minutes start." That was agreed, after protest. The belief was that the challenger would blow out about King Street, lose himself, and everybody would be happy, since the other man did not start.

Members of the party returned to the club and retired to bed. They were breakfasting about 11 o'clock next morning, when a dust covered individual trotted in and collapsed. He was the challenger. "I won the wager," he gasped. "Pay over!" To where did you run?" Hugh Ward asked. "To Coogee and back, of course," came the reply between quick breaths. "Most unfortunate put in Mr. Ward, "but the race was to Bondi and back. We've paid the other chap."

Sir Philip Game's name cropped up in the cables the other day. He had returned to duty as chief of the London police, after an illness. When Governor of N.S.W., he was introduced at a Sydney sheep show as a "former farmer." It sounded colorful, but Sir Phillip soon put his audience right. He said that, although his forbears were farmers in Dorset, back in the time of Queen Elizabeth, he was city-bred. His only association with sheep were memories of a woolly lamb in the nursery, a passion for wearing wool close to his skin, and a fondness for boiled mutton.



The Crew of a British Bomber which was forced down in the North Sea arriving "home." Club Member, Pilot Officer Brian Maher, is indicated by a cross

Similarly, Sir Phillip's knowledge of horses was confined to boyish adventures on the merry-go-round, when the circus came to town.

* * *

Colonel Somerville, R.A.S. secretary, and among veterans of 1914-18 mobilised since the start of World War II, lunches with us occasionally at race meetings. His private picture gallery gives pride of place to a snap of him stroking a dog at the Brisbane Show, the morning after a reunion. The snap was posted to me in Sydney, and I remember that it was reproduced in a daily newspaper above the caption: "Col. Somerville seeking a hair of the dog that bit him."

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. P. Nolan on the celebration of their golden wedding. We drink to them in bumpers. The gold that is in golden isn't necessarily of the sordid metal, earthy of the earth, but that transmuted in terms of happiness. Some of the unhappiest men I know are stuffed with gold. They have so much that they don't know what to do with it, or with themselves. They have been soured by satiety.

Mr. and Mrs. Nolan have lived long enough to know that simple love is the greatest of all the survivals

To sundry questioners on war subjects, after months of lamb-like resignation:

*I am not there. I do not know
At any stage how goes the show.
It would on my part be absurd
To indicate by idle word
That I could tell you what is what—
Whom we should cheer, who should
be shot.*

*Your questioning I must resist . . .
I am no Pitt-Street strategist.*

* * *

The passing of Albert Ross, of the printing partnership of Ross Bros., removed a friendly, kindly figure. In the business world his old associates will miss him sadly, for he was liked and respected everywhere. Mr. Ross had joined Tattersall's Club on 1st March, 1915. He died on 9th February.

The Right Choice!

Choosing the right Company for your insurance programme is as important as choosing the programme itself. The Prudential, as an Empire-wide Institution with assets exceeding £364,000,000 Sterling, not only offers absolute security for all your insurance investments, but also has a staff of experts ready to help you plan and execute a sound, complete insurance programme. Choose wisely. Choose—

THE LARGEST INSURANCE COMPANY IN
THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS

THE *Prudential*
ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
(Incorporated in England)

Head Office for Australia and New Zealand:
Prudential Building, Martin Place, Sydney.

LIFE • FIRE • ACCIDENT • MARINE INSURANCE

For Reliable Service

The N.S.W.
**FRESH FOOD
& ICE CO LTD**
25 HARBOUR ST
SYDNEY
Telephone M2981



Milk
Cream
Butter
Ice
Fish
Poultry

A WISE INVESTMENT OF TRUST FUNDS

THE investment of Trust Funds calls for wisdom born of long experience in a wide field. Be well advised! Building up your Estate has been slow work; ensure that after you are gone it will be wisely administered, and any necessary re-investment soundly made. This can be effected by appointing Perpetual Trustee Company Limited Executor of your Will. Your inquiry is invited. A personal interview would be better, but write if you prefer.

Perpetual Trustee
Company Limited

DIRECTORS:

T. H. Kelly (Chairman), Brig. the Hon. T. A. J. Playfair, M.L.C.,
E. R. Knox, H. Norman Pope, Allen C. Lewis,
J. P. Abbott, M.H.R.

H. V. Douglass, Managing Director. P. Cureton, Manager.
Executor and Trustee, Agent under Power of Attorney for
Absentees and others, Administrator, etc.

Trust and Agency Funds under Administration exceed
£58,000,000.

33-39 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

City Mutual Fire Insurance
Company Limited

HEAD OFFICE:

95 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Fire, Accident and Sickness, Workers' Compensation, Houseowners' and Householders' Comprehensive Insurance, Public Risk, Burglary, Fidelity Guarantee, Plate Glass, Motor Car, Loss of Profits.



ACTIVE AGENTS REQUIRED
IN CITY AND SUBURBS.

H. V. REYNOLDS, Managing Director.

BILLIARDS *and* SNOOKER

Greatest "Fluke" of All Time—Two Champions Sentenced to a Newspaper Death—The Temperament of Champions

In last issue the matter of fluking at billiards was dealt with at some length and it was stated that such a thing as a fluke is impossible—that what happens is the result of ignorance on the part of the striker. He should know that hitting the ball that particular way could only bring about one result. Remember, please, it was the late John Roberts who made the observation when he was world's champion. Since that article an incident has been detailed which puts all previous "flukes" and "ignorant" shots in the background. That it actually took place is beyond question, and it has been quoted by the Billiards and Control Council (Eng.) as worthy of the Ripley Belt in snooker.

In a game at the London Press Club a Mr. Hayden Talbot, playing against Mr. W. H. Salmon, was in play with only the colours on deck. Having sunk the yellow, he put all he had into a shot on the green, which found a pocket, ultimately; and during the run of the balls in this stroke, three other colours were disturbed, blue, pink and brown. ALL fell into pockets. The cue-ball also went down so that the only ball left on the table was the black. Thus, four balls had to be re-spotted and the cue-ball was in hand. Sequel was that the striker gave six away—as the highest penalty. Some shot!

Sitting in the billiard room during the month writer heard two members trying to arrange a suitable handicap to make it a game in a frame at snooker. Neither cared two hoots who would eventually win but they wanted it to be a game. Quoth one: "You could give me seven blacks." The other quietly asked:

"Why stop at seven?" He offered, instead, half the game. Now, what is half the game at snooker? Joe Davis fell into that trap several years back when he accepted an engagement to play in the big English club the secretary of which asked by letter what starts he would concede members so that he could publicise the events. The champion, not knowing, or caring, the length of the games, replied, "will concede half the game in each."

Naturally the secretary felt helpless. He called in the club experts and they reckoned that Davis would, at snooker, average 115 points per game and that 57 would be near enough. On the great night Davis was just as surprised as his employers, but after a moment's thought said he intended that he would double his opponent's score. Incidentally, Joe added then that amateurs and professionals are much closer, in point of ability, at snooker than at billiards.

A Slip of the Type.

Jimmy Freeman, sports editor of the London "Daily Mail" tells of another Joe Davis incident worth recording. It relates to slips of type that will crop up every now and then in newspaper offices despite rigid checking by expert readers employed to pick them up before papers reach the public. In the case under review, Davis was playing Tom Newman in a big pre-war match during a period when a local murder case was occupying the public attention and two men were on trial. Now, every newspaper carries a white spot known as the "fudge box" where "Stop Press" is printed. And one edition saw the light of day with this:

MURDER TRIAL RESULT.

Davis (in play) 6433; Newman 6432.

Both men found guilty and sentenced to death.

Incidentally, Davis is one of the most placid champions in history. He never worries about his opponent scoring a lucky shot but he does have a say-so on occasion if a spectator should strike a match when he is in the act of striking. Walter Lindrum is another who is even tempered except for the fact that the table is only on rare occasions correct in every detail. Melbourne Inman and Tom Reece are renowned as the greatest grumblers of all time with one possible exception — Willie Smith. Even Willie was left behind if Inman and Reece were opposed to each other. Their clashes were classics. Tom Newman is easily the happiest of cueists and always contends his opponent's luck was just like his was at so-and-so, and, it would not be fair to leave Claude Falkiner out of the picture. Claude has a smile for everyone and at every hour of the day. He says he just loves to play the game and the joy of a big run by an opponent is only exceeded when he gets one himself. All the champions named have, at one time or another, played in our club, and, here's hoping the time is not far distant when Peace will reign once more and we will be able to again enjoy the artistry of world aces under our club roof. Meanwhile let's carry on with the best relaxation of all—a friendly game on the green cloth midst congenial companionship.

*Distinctive
New Styles FROM
ENGLAND*



By Appointment.

There's unmistakable character in these English Woodrow Hats. Even after many months of hard wear in all weathers you'll still be proud of your Woodrow. From the dress-conscious young man to the governing director there's a Woodrow style and colouring that presents the best hat-buying value obtainable.

Woodrow Hats

ALL FIRST-CLASS HATTERS AND STORES

No. 1 Quality :
Unlined, 40/6 — Lined, 43/-.

Super-Suede Quality :
Unlined, 55/- — Lined, 57/6.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

SCHEDULE OF CHARGES

Minimum Charge	1/6
Duo-Therapy (6 minutes)	1/6 extra
Massage	3/6 extra
Massage and Duo-Therapy	5/- extra
Electric Sweat Box	1/6 extra

Telephone :
MX 1447 (4 lines)

The
"HARBOUR"
Newspaper and Publishing Co. Ltd.

Specialising in the
production of
MAGAZINES
TRADE JOURNALS
CATALOGUES
NEWSPAPERS
& GENERAL
STATIONERY

120-124 Chalmers St., Sydney

THIS AGE OF INGENUITY

Condensed from The New Republic

(Bruce Bliven.)

On my pilgrimage to outstanding industrial research laboratories I have learned of a number of new devices. These are significant not so much for themselves as for the characteristic of American life which they symbolise—everlasting desire for novelty and improvement, for doing new things or doing old ones better.

Invisible Flashbulbs.

A new type of photographer's flashbulb will take pictures in complete darkness. It utilises invisible infrared rays and in most cases the people whose pictures are being taken are not aware that anything has happened. The bulb can also be used in lighted rooms and will be much less annoying than the old-style bulb.

Mechanical Conscience.

If the driver of the next public bus you ride seems more than ordinarily careful about starting and stopping smoothly, the chances are that he is being checked up by a special meter that records all abrupt stops and starts. A simple mechanism, not visible to the driver but studied later by inspectors, makes a line on chart paper every time the driver jams on the broke or slams on the gas.

Dust Collector's Item.

A device of great importance in rooms where watches are being repaired or printing presses are doing fine work is called a "precipitron." It is placed in the duct through which air enters a room. Negatively charged electrons move across a

small enclosed space at right angles to the stream of air. If the air has particles of smoke or dust, the electrons unite with them and carry them to the positively charged surface of plates or collector cells.

Floors That Kill Germs.

Athlete's foot is frequently spread by means of wet floors at swimming pools, in gymnasiums and shower rooms. There has recently been developed a type of cement floor which, when wet, gives off minute quantities of copper that have a strong bactericidal effect.

Windmill Power Plants.

With the country facing a shortage of power, large windmills have recently been used to generate electricity. One created on a hilltop in Vermont has a 100-foot tower, weighs 75 tons and generates 1,000 kilowatts—enough to light a city of 10,000 people. The windmill is used to feed electricity into power lines, to supplement other sources. Running full blast, it will permit the power company to reduce the consumption of impounded waters. It is also possible to use such windmills for charging storage batteries.

Keeping Apples on the Trees.

Ripe apples fall from the tree, as Sir Isaac Newton and others have discovered. To commercial orchardists this may be a serious matter: the fallen apple is likely to be bruised, inducing decay, and must be sold at a reduced price if at all. Incred-

ible as it may seem, science has recently developed substances which, sprayed on branches and fruit just before the crop is ripe, will keep the apples on the tree.

Killing Germs With Sound.

A remarkable technique for killing bacteria by sound waves has been worked out by Dr. A. P. Kreuger, of the University of California. Dr. Kreuger places a tube made of nickel in a magnetic field which is activated electrically, setting up vibrations at terrific speed. Sound waves are created at the high rate of 9,300 cycles per second. These sound waves have been highly effective against the staphylococci which cause boils and carbuncles.

Exploding Rivets.

An important labour-saving device has been brought forward in the form of a rivet containing a minute quantity of a high explosive. It is placed in position and an electric contact is made with the head. This explodes the other end of the rivet, which mushrooms out. With this new method rivets which can be reached from one side only can now be fastened five times as rapidly as in the past. It speeds up enormously the building of military planes, in which there may be as many as 10,000 rivets.

Self-Winding Clock.

Clocks have recently been built so delicately adjusted that they are wound by changes in temperature. A change of one degree Fahrenheit stores up enough power to drive the clock for four days. Since the temperature changes constantly, there is little likelihood that the clocks will run down.



FISHING TACKLE SPECIALISTS ... We Can Supply Your Needs

As practical anglers, holding complete stocks of all fishing tackle, we can supply everything needed. Our high reputation for quality is your guarantee of good value. We invite your inspection, and gladly offer useful expert advice.

CRAIG & AITKEN

654 George Street, Sydney.

(Near Anthony Hordern's)



RACING FIXTURES

1942

•

MARCH

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 7th
 Rosehill } Saturday, 14th
 Ascot }
 Rosehill Saturday, 21st
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 28th

APRIL

A.J.C. Saturday, 4th
 A.J.C. Monday, 6th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 11th
 Canterbury Park . . . Saturday, 18th

MAY

Canterbury Park . . . Saturday, 2nd
 Moorefield Saturday, 9th
 Kensington Saturday, 16th
Tattersall's Club . . . Saturday, 23rd
 Rosebery Saturday, 30th

JUNE

Hawkesbury } Saturday, 6th
 Rosebery }
 A.J.C. Saturday, 13th
 A.J.C. Monday, 15th
 Victoria Park Saturday, 20th
 Ascot Saturday, 27th

JULY

Kensington Saturday, 4th
 Moorefield Saturday, 11th
 Canterbury Park } . . . Saturday, 18th
 Kensington }
 Rosebery Saturday, 25th

AUGUST

Victoria Park Saturday, 1st
 Rosehill Saturday, 8th
 Ascot Saturday, 15th
 Moorefield } Saturday, 22nd
 Victoria Park }
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 29th

SEPTEMBER

Canterbury Park . . . Saturday, 5th
Tattersall's Club . . . Saturday, 12th
 Rosehill Saturday, 19th
 Hawkesbury Saturday, 26th

OCTOBER

A.J.C. Saturday, 3rd
 A.J.C. Monday, 5th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 10th
 City Tattersall's . . . Saturday, 17th
 Rosehill Saturday, 24th
 Moorefield Saturday, 31st

NOVEMBER

Kensington Saturday, 7th
 Rosebery Saturday, 14th
 Canterbury Saturday, 21st
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 28th

DECEMBER

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 5th
 Rosehill Saturday, 12th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 19th
 A.J.C. . . Saturday 26th (Boxing Day)

STARS AND THEIR STORIES

(By E. J. Gravestock)

"Repetition is the soul of wit," a remark attributed to Oscar Wilde; must be my excuse, if the following stories strike a chord of remembrance. Some may be labelled wrongly, but it is the custom of press agents to tag the names of their patrons to bon mots which had their origin a generation before. In the main, however, I have had them first hand from the stars themselves, and must credit them accordingly.

Theatrical folk of the older school are generally the best raconteurs. They belong to a period which took the art of story-telling seriously, with a wealth of description and nicely turned phrases, embellished with idiomatic expression which their profession enables them to convey. Amongst such are Frank Bradley, Hal Percy, "Tubby" Turner, manager for Cyril Maude when he came to Australia some years ago, and George Gee. "Tubby" Turner, who married Shirley Huxley, an Australian actress, cultivated the art of story-telling to such an extent that there was hardly a dialect in the English language he could not speak, and he was in great demand as an after-dinner speaker, or entertainer at smoke nights. "Tubby" was manager of the Winter Garden Theatre in London, and we had a great session with him, Leslie Henson, who was appearing at the Winter Garden, and some other congenial spirits after the show, a number of years ago. George Gee, usually tells his stories with a wealth of gesture, even to collapsing on a bar room floor to illustrate the climax of a story. One story told by George which sticks in my memory is that of the young junior officer drilling a troop for the first time, on the Downs in the South of England, and the men are marching perilously near to the edge of the cliff. The officer becomes tongue-tied, and the hardened old sergeant-major standing alongside barks out, "For Gawd's sake say something sir, if it's only 'good-bye!'"

To hear Robert McLeish, popular president of the Green Room Club, Melbourne, picture theatre magnate, and a successful patron of the turf, relate his experiences of early show days in Melbourne is a joy well remembered. In the days of Rickards, and before the development of silent pictures, Robert McLeish was a popular ballad singer, and he considerably added to his salary as a traveller for a Collins Street draper's emporium, by singing here, there and everywhere. On one occasion he was on the bill at the Melbourne Tivoli with Charlie Pope, Sayles and Co. It was a difficult job for McLeish to fit in the matinees, but with the aid of his fellow-workers he managed it, until one matinee day, McLeish strolled on to the Tivoli stage to warble a heart-throbbing ballad, and his eye caught that of his boss seated in the stalls. Bob's throat contracted, all he could think of was the "sack" that was coming to him. The band played "till ready" half a dozen times before the young singer gained control. His feelings can be imagined, but in his confusion he managed to retain in his mind the picture of the attractive young female with his boss, who also happened to be an employee at the store. A few days went by before McLeish encountered his boss, who greeted him with, "You're a good judge of a song, McLeish!" "Yes sir, and if you will pardon my saying so, sir, you're a good judge of a pretty girl." Young McLeish retained his job. Musical celebrities are not good story-tellers as a rule, but some of them have a pretty wit. Wilhelm Backhaus, the famous German pianist I brought to Australia for a couple of tours, was fond of telling a story about the late Will Rogers. On his tours throughout America, Rogers always insisted on having a concert grand piano on the stage, so that he could loll in the bend of it as he related his stories, and arrangements had been made with a leading piano firm to supply

these pianos free, in return for the advertisement of having their name on the side of the piano. The firm thought it would be a fair thing to ask Rogers for a testimonial as well. He promptly acquiesced, and wrote: "Dear sirs, Your pianos are the best pianos I have ever leaned against." Travelling from Adelaide to Perth, I was reading a Perth daily, and remarked to Backhaus, "I see Percy Grainger (the famous Australian pianist) has had a big success in Perth?" Backhaus came back with, "I suppose we must call him 'Perthy' Grainger now." The song "Thanks for the Buggy Ride" was all the rage at that time, and those who have done the trip from Terowrie to Port Augusta on the narrow gauge will know the bumping about that little train could give. As we were slung from side to side, Mrs. Backhaus said, "I haf never had a buggy ride, but I think this it!"

John Amadio, the Australian flautist, husband of Florence Austral, was travelling with a concert company through the country towns of Victoria, and as was his custom, went along to the hall as soon as the party arrived in a certain town in western Victoria. "Nice hall you've got here," remarked John to the custodian who was dusting the chairs, preparing for the concert at night. "Yus sir. Good 'all sir, nothing better in the country!" How are the acoustics?" asked John, who was always concerned about the sound of a hall, on account of tuning his flutes. "Beg yer pardon, sir?" John repeated his question. Eventually a look of intelligence came over the custodian's face, "Oh them sir. There's one over there for the ladies, and another one in that corner for the gentlemen!"

Benno Moiseiwitsch the Russian pianist has a delightful sense of humour, and his quiet way of speaking often camouflages a rich joke. He tells of the inebriated gentleman who staggered up to the ticket box for

(Continued on page 10.)

Stars and Their Stories

(Continued from Page 9.)

one of his concerts, and demanded a ticket. The ticket seller, seeing his condition, tactfully said, "I'm sorry sir, but there are no seats left." "Oh, where's the manager?" The manager was sent for, and the drunken gentleman repeated his request. "I'm sorry sir, but you can't go in." "Why can't I go in? come on sell us a ticket." "Well old chap, you're drunk, and I can't let you in." "Drunk? Of course I'm drunk. Do you think I would want to come to a bloody pianoforte recital if I was sober?" Benno was very friendly with De Pachmann, the greatest Chopin player that ever lived. De Pachmann was an entertainment in himself. His eccentric habits gained him a lot of publicity. He would chatter away to the audience, and as his admirers used to overflow on to the platform seats, he would address most of his remarks to them. On several occasions he has walked off the platform and insisted that his manager remove a lady from the platform as he didn't like her face. He was terribly afraid other pianists would learn how he fingered certain runs and passages, and if he saw another pianist in the audience, he would play with one hand, and hide it with the other. Benno was his favourite, and De Pachmann would make him stand up in the hall, if ever he saw him, and tell the audience that Benno was nearly as good a pianist as he was himself. One one occasion Benno took a distinguished American pianist around to meet De Pachmann. After Benno had made the introduction, De Pachmann said: "Ah yes, you are a very good violinist, I hear." Benno whispered "pianist"! Pachmann said under his breath, "Of course I know he's a pianist, but I don't want him to think I know he's a pianist." Pachmann's hobby was collecting precious stones, and he always had several valuable stones stowed away in his pockets. Whilst on tour in America, he struck a very dull audience in a country town, and after he had finished playing, Pach-

mann rose from the piano, solemnly bowed to the wall at the back of the stage, and totally ignored the audience. The local manager rushed to the artist's room, and remonstrated with him. Pachmann shrugged his shoulders, "the wall, it knows so much as your audience."

Here is a story I used in connection with the visit of Shura Cherkassky, the 16 year old pianiste I brought out here in 1928. Shura was giving a recital in the Carnegie Hall, New York, and an East-side Jewish woman approached the ticket box, dragging her young son with her.

"I vant vun and a half tickets please."

"All the tickets are sold, madam."

"Vat, all the tickets sold?"

"You can stand for two dollars."

"All the tickets are sold, and I can pay two dollars to stand to hear a little Yiddisher boy play the piano?" Turning to her little boy, she clouted him over the ear, and said: "Now vill you go home and practice?"

Australian music-lovers have a good memory of Mischa Elman brought to Australia in 1914 by George Musgrove. My connection with Elman goes back to when he was a boy in London in 1904, and he received a fee of £120 for his first concert in London. His father was a Russian peasant. It was said that he was a school teacher, but apparently he didn't teach table manners, because at a meal table he would throw his chicken bones over his shoulder a la Henry VIII, and do all the things children are taught not to do. A well-known story in music circles is one about Mischa Elman, and Godowsky, a famous pianist who never came to this country. They were both sitting in a box at the Carnegie Hall listening to Jascha Heifetz, the brilliant violinist who was having tremendous success. Elman couldn't stand it any longer, and loosening his collar said to God-

owsky, "It's terribly hot in here." Godowsky replied, "Not for pianists."

Elman brought Percy Kahn with him to Australia as his accompanist in 1914, and I brought Percy out again with Rosina Buckman and Maurice D'Oisly in 1922. He made a third trip with Richard Tauber a few years ago. Percy Kahn was a wonderful little chap to travel with. Always merry and bright, he was a great asset at a party, a brilliant pianist, he also had a nice light tenor voice which he used for serious or humorous songs, and in addition he had a fund of good stories. On our tours we attended all sorts of receptions and parties and Percy was always good for a show. He tells the story of a chap who wandered into a clothes shop in Petticoat Lane, London, to buy an overcoat. "An overcoat sir," said the proprietor. "Yes, but I want a plum coloured one," said the customer. "Ah, a plum coloured vun. I haf the very thing." Reaching a coat off the top shelf, he fitted it on the customer. "There you are sir, it fits you like the paper on the vall." The customer: "Yes, the fit seems alright, but what about the colour. This is green. I want a plum coloured coat." "Oi, oi, of course it's green. You gotter wait a little vile, it ain't ripe yet." Percy Kahn was accompanist for Caruso, the great Italian tenor, and he wrote a very fine "Ave Maria," which is often heard on the radio these days. After a concert at which Caruso had sung this "Ave Maria," a friend came to the artists' room and said to Caruso: "That was a very beautiful "Ave Maria" you sang. It must have been written by a very devout Catholic." "Non, non," replied Caruso, "una piccolo Hebrew!" (A little Hebrew.)

Probably more stories are told of Sir Thomas Beecham than any other living musician. His absolute indifference to tradition or orthodox ideas, causes him to do and say extraordinary things. An oft told story is that of the prima donna who was exceedingly nervous and sang off the pitch. As is generally known an orchestra usually tunes in to the note "A," and Beecham rapped on his

(Continued on Page 16.)

JUMP OFF FOR BRITAIN

Condensed from Scientific American

(Edwin Muller.)

There's a spot in the windy wastes of Newfoundland the name of which is known to very few, but it's one of the most important places in the world—and one of the most exciting.

Yesterday an uninhabited wilderness of spruce and swamp, it is today the world's biggest airport, and growing bigger with the labour of thousands of men working day and night. It swarms with aerial traffic. Scores of bombers arrive and take off for Britain every week. It's the great junction and forwarding point for transatlantic passengers and freight. And it is perhaps the most vital point in the outer defences of this hemisphere.

For an hour before I arrived there, in a Lockheed-Hudson bomber, I had been sweating steadily in the palms of my hands. After sighting Newfoundland from high over the blue waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we had run into a solid bank of fog.

By now we should be over the airport. The pilot, an air veteran from Texas, couldn't be sure, because no radio beam is allowed. We made one or two tentative dips down through the grey soup. No land. Then we turned tail and ran north toward the ocean to get our bearings, coming out suddenly into the clear at a bay some 40 miles away. Back we went toward the airport, keeping just under the ceiling. It seemed as if we'd scrape our bottom on the tops of the trees. I kept rising in my seat, trying to lift the plane a little higher.

I was glad to see that airport.

Coming onto the field by air you are bewildered by its immensity. Runways are so wide that an ordinary plane could land or take off crosswise. When you strain your eyes across the expanse you see a mirage against the far horizon. It's a half day's brisk walk around the field, past countless hangars and shops and barracks.

Switch engines shift long strings of boxcars, and crews unload mounting piles of lumber and steel, crates and drums. Steam shovels scoop out great pits in the raw earth. Riveting

machines hammer on every side. Now and then a blast goes off and you see a geyser of smoke and rock thrown high in the air. There is a constant overtone of airplane motors tuning up. Most thrilling of all is the breath-catching crescendo of a bomber as it starts down the runway on the long, lonely road to Britain.

That night I met some of the men

Lines. You hear tales of the early days of the Southampton-to-Singapore run, of being forced down in the desert and hiding in the dunes from tribesmen; of landing mountaineering parties on inaccessible Alaskan glaciers and keeping them supplied by parachute; of ferrying freight into Amazon jungles.

On this transatlantic job the pilots



Hollywood Park, California—This air view gives a comprehensive idea of the 315 acre Racecourse. One hundred and eight acres alone are devoted to parking facilities that accommodate 22,000 cars. The grandstand with a seating capacity of 12,500 is the last word in modernity. The main track is a mile oval of sand loam with two chutes. The stable area covers 84 acres, with an oval training track of five furlongs (seen on right).

who fly the big ships across. For several days bad weather had been reported from Q. M., the secret airport in the United Kingdom where the bombers land, and a score of fliers were waiting at the Newfoundland field, sitting around the rough board tables of East-Bound Inn.

These are not daredevil youngsters. There are plenty of grey hairs, and every pilot has had thousands of flying hours. They have come from transcontinental lines in the United States, from Imperial Airways in Britain, from Trans-Canada Air

have settled down to routine. It takes nine to ten hours to cross, and when the weather is good they maintain a schedule as regular as those of ferryboats. Each pilot is given a flight plan, telling him his course, what height to reach at each point, what weather to expect.

The weather man is really the pilot's hero. They say there has never been anything like his work. He tells you: "In Zone 5 at 6 o'clock there will be a ceiling at 2,000 feet, top of cloud at 6,000, moderate icing

(Continued on Page 15.)



ALBURY—"The Garden City"

ALBURY—"The Garden City," a title justly deserved by this healthy and attractive centre, is situated on the northern bank of the Nile of Australia, the River Murray.

Albury, with a climate which is stimulating and beneficial, is by rail 191 miles from Melbourne and 400 miles from Sydney.

Hamilton Hume and William Hovell were the first white men to see and cross the River Murray, this being in 1824.

In 1837, Albury was known as "The Crossing Place," but when in 1838 Robert Scott Townshend surveyed the site for a town, he named it "Aldbury," after the place of that name in Surrey, England. The name of "Aldbury" is derived from the ancient word "Aldbyrig," meaning "The Old Camp." This name subsequently received the approval of the Executive Council, but with the "d" left out.

As Albury originally was a camping ground for natives named Bungambrewatta—signifying a camping place, this possibly explains the origin of the name.

But even before Townshend surveyed the prospective town, two white men, Robert Brown and A. A. Huon, had reached the "Crossing Place," where Robert Brown set up as storekeeper. Such was the genesis of Albury—the little lonely store established by Robert Brown.

In the years 1842 and 1843, the town comprised the Hume Inn and one house—other residents lived in tents.

In 1847 the first Court of Petty Sessions was held, Mr. John Roper being the C.P.S., and 6 years later, Mr. Heyward Atkins was appointed first resident Police Magistrate.

The town showed slow but steady progress, and by 1848 the population had increased to 400 which, by 1856, further increased to 600; this year saw also the es-

tablishment of the first newspaper, "The Border Post," founded by George Mott.

Robert Brown can be given the credit of having formed the Albury P.A. and H. Society, and the first show took place in 1857, with Mr. J. C. Pierce as Secretary and Mr. David B. Jones, of Bonegilla, President. The efforts of this splendid citizen also resulted in the formation of Albury Hospital, which received a grant of £1,000 from the Government.

In 1859 the first Municipal Council came into being, with J. T. Fallon as first Mayor.

From the modern viewpoint, it is amusing to note that in 1860 the Municipal Council, in an earnest endeavour to lighten the darkness of Albury, ordered two kerosene lamps for street lighting.

A great event in the early history of Albury was the opening in 1861 by Miss Chauncey, daughter of the resident Engineer, of the first bridge over the River Murray, this subsequently being demolished in 1898 and replaced by a heavier structure.

By 1862 there were 4 storekeepers in the town, and a further development took place in the opening of the "New Model" School.

Morgan, the bushranger, operating around Burrumbuttock, Bulgundra, Piney Ridge and Walla Walla Stations, was responsible for Superintendent McLerie and 11 constables being quartered in temporary barracks at the Criterion Hotel in 1863.

January, 1867, brought great celebrations, for that year saw the removal of the hated border duties; incidentally this event greatly stimulated settlement in the district.

By 1875 the population had increased to 1,500, and 1881 brought progress in the shape of the railway, which was followed two years later by an extension, Albury to Wodonga.

By 1888 the cultivation of vines had become the leading industry, although this was forecast as far back as 1858, when the Murray River Vineyard Coy. was formed.

In 1901, with Federation, Albury saw the last of its interstate border duties and consequent irritations, and in 1909 the town celebrated the 50th Anniversary of its incorporation.

In 1916 electric power was generated by the Council plant at the waterworks, and in 1919 the sewerage system established. His Majesty King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth (then the Duke and Duchess of York) honoured the town by a royal visit in 1927, and in 1936 His Excellency the Governor-General, The Lord Gowrie, opened that huge man-made lake—the Hume Reservoir.

Particularly since Federation has Albury gone ahead steadily and surely, and not only in agriculture is Albury to the fore, as the district contains many famous merino stations such as Table Top, Bunganwannah, Howlong, Quat Quatta, Mahonga and Walbundrie.

Incidentally the district is noted for successful fat lamb production, and the Albury stock markets, pioneered by Griffith Bros., has rendered service to Albury which cannot be assessed in terms of money.

Outstanding among recent pastoral and agricultural figures in the police district alone, are the number of sheep, assessed at 39,294, and butter production, 1,018,559 lbs. annually, whilst 306 acres of wheat under cultivation are quoted, with an annual yield of 3,687 bushels.

In addition, there are orchards, vineyards, acres of oats and lucerne, also horses and pigs.

To-day, with a population of over 12,000 persons, fine streets and homes, splendid memorials, scenic attractions, flourishing secondary industries and business concerns, and the commercial radio station 2AY, the citizens of Albury may well feel a sense of pride in their modern and comfortable city, which through the years has risen, step by step, from "The Crossing Place" in 1837, to the Albury of to-day—Garden City of the South.



Albury Branch.

The **RURAL BANK**
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

THE FIRST TORPEDO

One day in the summer of 1863, when the Federal fleet was hammering Charleston, S.C., Dr. St. Julien Ravenal, a physician and agricultural chemist, had a discarded locomotive boiler loaded on a flat car and sent to his plantation 30 miles inland.

There, unspied by Northern agents who by night floated information down the harbour in bottles to the blockading Yankees, Dr. Ravenal supervised the transformation of the ancient boiler into a strange looking boat conceived and designed by himself.

It was cigar-shaped, 30 feet long by 5½ feet wide, driven by a small steam engine. From the bow a hollow 14-foot shaft projected forward below the waterline. When taken secretly to Charleston and launched, the boat was submerged except for a 10-inch coaming around the hatch and a small smokestack. It was

christened the David, because it was going out to attack Goliath.

On the night of October 5, 1863, Lieut. W. T. Glassell, of the Confederate navy, and a crew of three took the David unseen down Charleston harbour, past the battered hulk of Fort Sumter and through the Federal fleet to the flagship New Ironsides, then probably the most powerful warship in the world. Running at full speed, the David drove her projecting shaft, at whose end was affixed a contact torpedo, against the flagship's armoured flank. As the torpedo struck, a thunderous explosion seriously damaged the battleship.

The David, though nearly swamped, got clear and returned safely to Charleston after the first successful torpedo attack in history. Suddenly and permanently the fear of torpedo attack had entered naval warfare.—Herbert Ravenal Sass in The Reader's Digest.

A DOG'S LIFE

An Englishman once went out shooting with a pointer he had borrowed from a friend who was a crack shot. He himself was a very poor shot, and missed again and again, the pointer each time looking at him in bewilderment.

Finally the dog set a pheasant right out in an open field, and glanced back at the approaching man as much as to say, "Now, here's a perfectly good shot. For pity's sake, see if you can do anything this time." The pheasant rose and flew off; the man missed twice. Whereupon the pointer sat down on his haunches, raised his nose to high heaven, and howled long and dolorously. Then, with never another look at the amateur huntsman, he turned and trotted home.—Samuel A. Derieux, "Animal Personalities."

Don't invest too little too late — Support the Liberty Loan Now.

It's lend or lose!

With Japan there is no compromise. For Australia it is victory or disaster. We are fighting for survival. Surely the least you can do is to lend all you can.

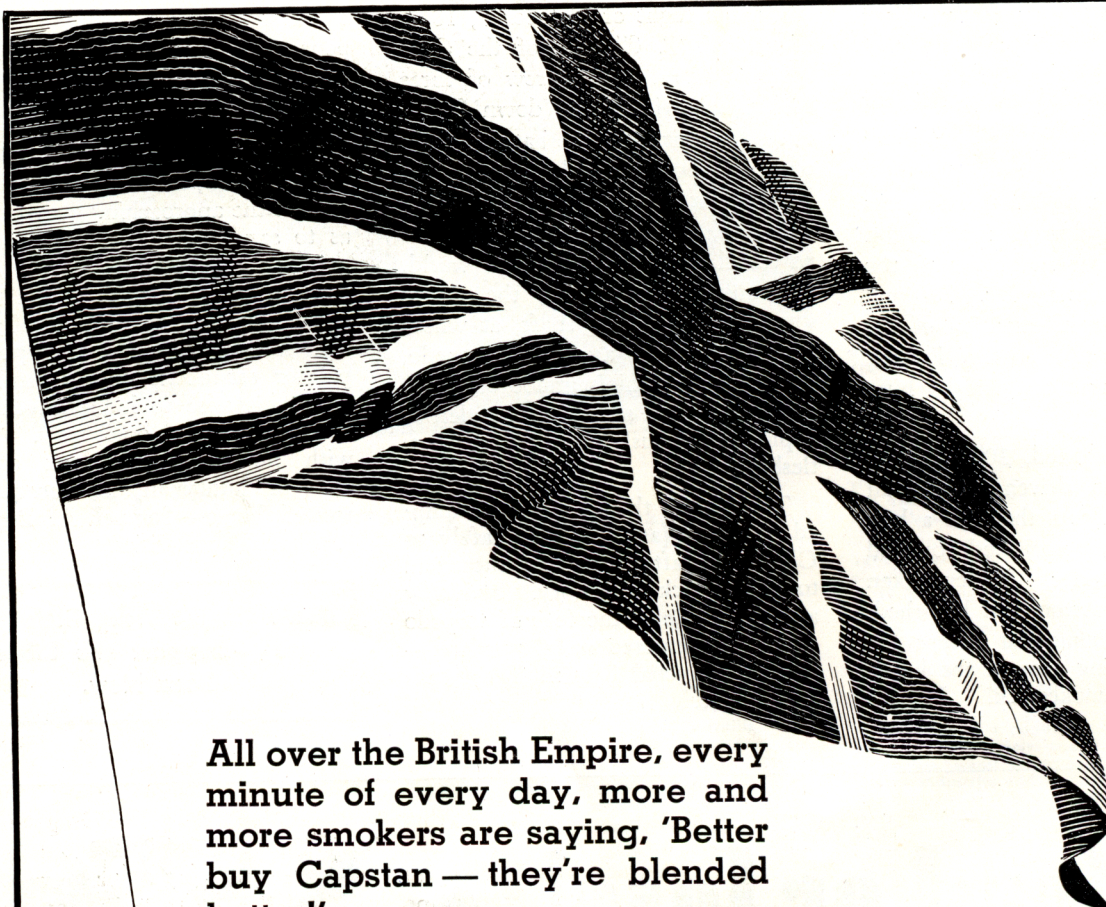
Quality for your Subscriber's Badge by applying at once, at any bank, money order post office, or stockbroker. Interest is 2½% for 4-5 years or 3½% for 9-17 years. Subscriptions may be paid by instalments.

LIBERTY LOAN

WE DARE NOT FAIL



The Most you can lend is the Least you can do!



All over the British Empire, every minute of every day, more and more smokers are saying, 'Better buy Capstan — they're blended better!'

Time for a *Red* CAPSTAN



Capstan Special Mild	Red Packs
Capstan Medium	Blue Packs
Capstan Full Strength ..	Brown Packs

Jump Off for Britain

(Continued from Page 11.)

at 5,000, tail wind of 40 miles per hour, veering shortly to north." You get there and that's exactly what it is.

Sometimes they fly at 15,000 feet or higher. It's 50 below zero up there but the heated planes are comfortable. Insidious, though, is the effect of altitude: you fail to recognise at first the dreamy, don't-care feeling, as the higher centres of the brain gradually cease functioning, and you may wait too long before attaching the oxygen tube.

One pilot, flying at 20,000 to avoid icing—the air is dry up there—had to detach his tube and go back to help a passenger. When he returned to his seat he couldn't readjust the tube. It's a simple operation, but the tube in his hand would approach the socket—and waver away. While this went on they were slipping down toward the dangerous icing level. Finally the navigator realised what was wrong, and came to the rescue.

Pilots don't see much of the ocean. Most of the flight is above unbroken clouds, an Arctic landscape of white hills and valleys. On its surface, far below, the tiny black shadow of the plane drives along.

Sometimes that glacial surface is torn apart. They may see a big convoy crawling along. One pilot saw the last plunge of a torpedoed merchantman, its stern rearing high. Men were struggling in the water, with no lifeboats, but there was nothing the pilot could do.

In the last hours they begin to slide down toward the land, a faint

dark smudge on the horizon. There the pilot and his crew search the skies for intercepting Germans. Not so anxiously now, however, as when the bomber-ferry service first started. In all the hundreds of crossings, only one or two pilots have sighted a German.

The landing field at Q. M. is so ingeniously camouflaged that even the keenest-eyed German observer could hardly recognise it as an air-drome. It doesn't look a spot where you could make even an emergency landing. There's no fuss about the arrival. Pilot and crew may get a few days' leave—London if they're lucky. Or within 12 hours they may be on their way back by ferry plane.

The pay is high: pilots get a minimum of 1,000 dols. a month, with a bonus for each trip above two trips a month. Some earn more than 25,000 dols. in a year. Navigators and radio operators earn about two-thirds as much as a pilot.

These fliers deny with short and profane words that they are engaged in a glamorous, adventurous job. It's routine flying, they assert, and rather dull at that. They mean it, but it isn't so. Two thousand miles of empty ocean is not a routine flying job—not yet. The worst hazard is the take-off, when the plane has its staggering load of gasoline.

One night at East-Bound Inn a pilot came in with the news that a returning ferry plane had cracked up on the take-off at Q. M. The 22 men in it had been killed. Every man present had good friends on that

plane, some of those killed had sat at the same table two nights before. The talk stopped a few seconds, then resumed. The conversation was of other things.

Accidents never interrupt the flow of traffic east. I was in the control tower watching a line of Hudson bombers take off, one every five minutes. As the fifth got half-way up the runway, it swerved slightly, then there was a violent swing and it came around in a ground loop. The undercarriage collapsed, one wing sagged. It couldn't have been two seconds before it blazed up, a great bloom of orange flame. Three figures dived out through a door in the tail.

With sirens screaming, the fire trucks were on the field. While the flames were still burning, two tractors raced out and yanked the big plane off the runway. Ten minutes later the next bomber had taken off and was on its way.

Here as nowhere else you can see how fast space and time are shrinking. You see the big transports come in, the Consolidated B-24's, as large as the ships of Columbus. They converge from points on the American continent, stop to refuel, wing on across the ocean, carrying many a passenger from Washington to London within 24 hours. At your breakfast in East-Bound Inn you can choose between the New York "Times" and the London "Times" of the day before. It's all as casual as travel between New York and Chicago.

This air centre is also a shipping point for urgently needed plane parts, vitamin concentrates, precision

(Continued on Page 16.)

TAILORS HATTERS SHIRTMAKERS

Exclusive English Suit Lengths

SIM & CHALONER

65 CASTLEREAGH STREET. Phone MA 3851

(near King Street)

● Our business has been maintained and extended by kindly recommendation of satisfied customers.

STARS AND THEIR STORIES

(Continued from Page 10.)

stand, and said to the singer, "Madam, would you mind giving the orchestra your 'A.'" It was probably the same soprano who excused herself for inaccurate timing at the end of the scene with a certain bass singer, on the ground that "Mr. — dies too soon." "No opera singer ever dies too soon," was Beecham's reply. There is also his priceless remark to the lady singer who complained that she was getting so nervous she didn't want to see anyone. "Why don't you give a concert," he advised.

I travelled on the ill-fated "Niagara" with Dame Nellie Melba from Honolulu, some years ago, and we were discussing how people in public life were often the target for scandal-mongers. The famous singer expressed herself very bitterly on the subject. To illustrate to what absurd lengths idle chatterers will go, she told me that the Duchess of —, a great friend of hers, had a rare talking bird, which she had named after the singer. Discussing the bird Melba, with a friend, in the hearing of one of these chatterers, she said, "I don't know what to do about Melba. She has gone off her food, she won't talk, and she won't even swear. I can't get her to drink anything, and usually she is always drinking. I got some special birdseed for her, but she won't even touch it." The scandalmonger rushed off with this tit-bit, and assured everybody on the authority of the Duchess of —, that Melba ate birdseed, was a terrible drunkard, and swore like a trooper. Melba told me of how narrowly she escaped an unpleasant experience on one of her American tours. In Chicago at the hotel she always stayed, the management had christened a specially furnished suite the "Melba" suite, which the popular singer always occupied, but on one visit, a lady who had occupied the suite for some days refused to vacate it for Melba. The management were full of apologies, and the Diva occupied another suite nearby. Two hours after Melba's arrival, two

well-dressed men knocked on the door of the Melba suite, pointed a gun at the lady in occupation, and demanded her jewels. She protested that she hadn't any, but they gagged and bound her, and ransacked the room. It was sometime before the chambermaid found the unfortunate lady, who was exhausted and in a thoroughly frightened condition. The gangsters were unlucky, as Melba was carrying some very valuable jewellery with her which they would have secured had it not been for the obstinate lady. Sir Henry J. Wood, the celebrated English orchestral conductor tells the story of the bookmaker who wandered into the Queens Hall one night during the Promenade concert season. The orchestra of one hundred players was working up to a grand finale, going full pelt. Violinists fiddling for all they were worth, cellists and double bass bowing for dear life. Trumpets and trombones, flute and piccolo, oboes and clarionets, drums and cymbals, all being urged to do their utmost by the enthusiastic waving of the conductor's arms. Faster and faster they went, louder and louder, until with a resounding crash the entire orchestra finished on a final chord. The bookmaker who had been excitedly watching the antics of the conductor and orchestra, jumped to his feet, and shouted, "Even money a dead heat!"

In conclusion a story from the greatest "star" of our time, none other than Winston Churchill. In the early days of the war, before he was Prime Minister, and when he was First Lord of the Admiralty, Winston Churchill attended a New Year's eve dinner party. He was in great form, and told with great glee of the experience of a torpedo boat which was hunting a submarine. It dropped a couple of depth charges, and apparently disturbed an old wreck, for the surface of the sea was dotted with wreckage, "and what do you think," said Winnie with a gleam in his eye, "there floating on top of the water was a door, with my initials painted on it." It is said that he wanted to include the story in one of his speeches but Mr. Chamberlain censored it.

JUMP OFF FOR BRITAIN

(Continued from page 15.)

instruments, laboratory materials. One plane carried 200 bullfrogs to aid in studying the effects of poison gas.

In this bleak, inhospitable land, snow falls through June and starts again in September, piling up 20-foot drifts along the runways. Always the wind blows, in gales and gusty squalls. Fog lies heavy.

The houses and shacks in the settlement are hammered together from rough timber. The unpaved streets are deep in sticky mud. There are scores of camouflaged pits where anti-aircraft guns thrust muzzles toward the sky. You can't walk far without being challenged by sentries.

The bulk of the population consists of labourers, superintendents and foremen, mechanics and engineers, troops who garrison the post, Newfoundland Rangers who police it. Feminine influence is lacking. It's a he-man place, without the amenities of life.

Yet there are few spots on earth where more big names are registered. In the short time I was there Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Halifax, a Roosevelt and a royal duke were seen about the East-Bound Inn. Harry Hopkins had been through a few days before.

A man who had wanted a parrot for years was walking along a street and noticed a sign on a pet shop—Bankruptcy Sale. Here, he thought, is my chance to get a parrot cheap. He entered, and sure enough, there was a gorgeous parrot in a cage. When the auctioneer put it up for sale he began bidding; higher and higher went the bids, but finally the parrot was his.

Bursting with pride of ownership, he walked out of the shop carrying the parrot in its shiny cage, when suddenly it occurred to him that perhaps the parrot couldn't talk. Back he ran and, holding the cage up to the auctioneer, demanded: "Say, does this bird talk?"

"Whothell do you think was bidding against you all that time?" said the parrot.

J. T. HACKETT

ALEX. WILLIAMS

Members of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; Victorian Club, Melbourne; and Tattersall's Club, Perth, W.A. Our reputation stands alone for Largest Amounts, Liberal Prices, and Prompt Settlements.

Clients are particularly requested on Race Days to make all telegrams "Urgent."

Operating on all Government Licensed Racecourses.

Address Communications:

J. Hackett, Sydney. Cable Address: "HACKWILL," Sydney.

Phones: FM 1425 and FM 1475.



W. GLAZEBROOK

POULTERERS

50 Cross Street, Double Bay

English Game always on Hand.
Hotels and Restaurants Supplied.

MINISTERIAL BUENOS CIGARS

- A remarkably fragrant Cigar at a moderate price.
- These Cigars are manufactured from genuine Havana leaf, carefully blended with selected Sumatra leaf.
- An exclusive Cigar well worth the attention of Members.

CHARLES KINSELA

PTY. LIMITED

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Established 1830.

**SERVICE WITH
ECONOMY.**

**DAY AND NIGHT
SERVICE.**

OXFORD STREET
TAYLOR SQUARE
DARLINGHURST.

Phones: FL 4136-7-8

C. H. W. KINSELA, Governing Director.

There's a Reason for it!

The demand for up-to-date well-printed Labels and Wrappers proves that Manufacturers realise that

**A Good Article must have
a Good Appearance**

LET US SHOW YOU WHAT WE CAN DO

Ross Brothers Pty. Limited

ESTABLISHED 1862.

Colour and General Printers, Carton Manufacturers

545-547 Kent Street, SYDNEY Telephone M 4955 (3 lines)

ASK FOR IT!

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SPECIALY IMPORTED

HOUSE
Whisky

(Highland Nectar)

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

Bottled under the supervision
of the Commonwealth Customs

The Quality Never Varies